

[**undisclosed desires** by **orphan_account**](#)

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove and Steve Harrington, told in fragments.

(or an Attempt in organizing my fics that i barf-post on tumblr)

new chapter: heartbreaker - billy fucks up and steve threatens him with a bat. they make it work, somehow.

1. on your knees

Author's Note:

please note that this chapter contains slurs

there are plenty of ways to bring a man to his knees, some bird told billy once, when she'd thought she could make billy come with a sloppy blowjob, fingering herself all the while. (in the end, he'd come all over the bitch's face after he'd jerked it himself, fed up with the amateur tongue stunts. that had also earned him a hard slap across the face, the bitch screeching *you got some in my eye, asshole!*)

but, despite all that, there truly was wisdom in what she'd said, and it currently replays at the back of billy's mind as he twists two of his fingers further into steve.

“oh—” the gasp is muffled by billy pushing steve against the tiled wall, his cheek smushed in the process. the shower is running a few steps behind them, set to maximum so the spray is loud and almost oppressive against the wet floor. still, billy can never be too careful, especially when steve's such a loud bitch.

“you better shut it, pretty boy,” billy leans in close, a third finger circling steve's rim as he does so. he props his chin on steve's shoulder just as he slips in, wasting no time in pumping all three of his fingers into steve. “unless you want ‘em to hear how much of a whore you are.”

“ngh,” steve grunts, ass jutting out almost of their own accord as billy digs in deep, fingers catching on a spot that can only be steve's prostate. there's a jerk against billy's chin, caused by steve practically jumping as he pushes off the wall, bracing his arms against it instead as he draws out a delirious *fuuuuuck*—

the cuss is almost tangible in the dense, damp atmosphere, and billy savors it, lets steve's whimpers soak into his skin until he's tingling from arousal.

“yeah, that's right, you fucking queer,” billy spits, his breath hot

against the shell of steve's ear. he pushes into steve, his bare chest sliding against the slender line of steve's back, shoving until steve's forehead knocks against the wall. "you want this- you're fucking gagging for it, aren't you, harrington? i could slide in real good, fuck you until you break—" he grinds up against the back of steve's thigh for effect, makes sure steve can feel the hot press of his swollen cock. "and you'd ask for seconds, maybe even let me come in you until you're wet and sloppy like a pussy—"

all the while, billy doesn't falter in fucking steve with his fingers, makes sure to put just enough pressure to brush against his prostate. steve's now hunched over, shuddering with each drag of billy's fingers against his rim, now pink and almost swollen with the constant friction. billy licks his lips at the sight, then bites down on the meat of steve's shoulder because he fucking can.

this causes steve to jerk, a pained cry halfway up his throat. billy chooses that exact moment to screwdrive all three of his fingers into steve, pressing in in *in* until steve full on yells, hands scrabbling helplessly at the tiled walls. it only takes about five more seconds of billy holding his fingers in, jammed right against steve's prostate before steve finally tenses, a string of *holyholyshitholyshit* tumbling past his lips as he comes.

even with billy's limited view from his position, he knows that steve's nearly-purple cock is spurting out hot, thick spurts of cum, and with a wicked grin, he reaches around, wrapping a loose fist around the head of steve's dick.

he waits it out, knows that steve's practically turning into goo after an orgasm that intense, chuckling when steve's thighs start quaking. and because billy is truly the embodiment of an asshole, he quickens the process by letting his nails scrape against steve's inner walls, already sensitive and abused from earlier. predictably, this ends with steve letting out a helpless *oh* before falling in a graceless heap, barely managing to collect himself so that he's on all fours instead.

billy's grin widens at the sight, an ugly thing on an otherwise handsome face, and bends down enough to pull steve's hair back so he's looking up at billy's sneering face.

"see?" he says, voice rough with want and malice. steve's eyes are drooped, clearly still hanging on the tendrils of his orgasm, and billy thinks he could get used to this kind of face on steve. bringing his other hand up, billy makes steve stare at the cum running from his palm down to his wrist before using it to cup steve's jaw, smearing him with his own cum. "just like i said- pretty boy harrington's a queer."

the only response he gets is steve's adam's apple bobbing in a hard swallow, eyes still glassy and faraway. billy snorts and pushes himself up to his full height, savoring the view of steve still on his knees, head bowed in what could only be total surrender.

billy licks his lips- there are plenty of ways to bring a man to his knees indeed, and he can't wait to try each and every single one on steve.

2. slut shorts

Notes for the Chapter:

steve harrington slut basketball shorts appreciation
post 2k17

billy pulls steve away from the throng of sweaty boys making their way to the shower after basketball practice, dragging him to their secret spot (aka one of the school's storage rooms) and wasting no time in shoving a hand down steve's tiny shorts.

the dry friction of billy's palm around his dick makes steve hiss, but he's hard in ten seconds flat, chewing on his bottom lip as the pained noises evolve into pleased little gasps. billy leans in close after a while, and as if by command, steve tips his head back to expose the column of his throat, letting billy lick a filthy stripe up his neck until he reaches steve's ear, nibbling at the soft skin.

it's intimate and dirty and sweaty— so fucking sweaty, but billy presses even closer, his body heat combined with his arousal making the air around steve so heady that he feels like he could get drunk on it.

billy strokes his cock just the way he knows steve likes it, fast on the upturn with a deliberate squeeze around the head, using this knowledge as a distraction while his other hand goes behind steve, slipping past the waistband of his fucking tiny shorts, sliding down to trace steve's rim with a dry finger.

steve makes to jerk away from the touch, but billy cages him in, one hand down the front of his shorts while the other starts tapping against his puckered hole, testing the resistance.

“wait—” steve chokes, but billy starts grinding against his thigh instead, bearing his weight against steve so he naturally pushes back onto billy's fingers still precariously circling his rim.

“shut *up*,” billy hisses, shoving into steve until he's pressed against the wall, billy's middle finger barely slipping inside him in the

process.

the effect is instantaneous– steve tenses, every muscle in his body drawn tight for one glorious moment, asshole clenching just so around the tip of billy’s finger before he comes into billy’s hand. steve is delirious enough to claw helplessly at billy’s forearm, face flushing as he feels a damp spot against his thigh, billy having come in his own gym shorts, a darkened patch on the cloth.

“you... and... your fucking... slut shorts...” billy says after a moment, his breathing ragged like his orgasm had knocked the wind out of him. despite the accusing tone in his voice, billy lets his gaze flicker down, drinking in the sight of his hands still inside steve’s shorts which are bunched up high enough to expose steve’s thighs.

and steve, for his part, lets billy have this, maybe even relishes in the attention, and thinks how many more inches he can get away with cutting off his shorts before billy finally notices.

3. untouched

Summary for the Chapter:

again... just porn

billy makes steve sit on a chair buck naked, his hands behind his back (strictly billy's orders) and his swollen cock pressed flush against his stomach. billy hovers over him so the light from the room doesn't touch an inch of steve's skin, makes him feel like he's drowning in billy's shadow.

"you wanna know what i'm gonna do?" billy murmurs, his voice soft but laced with that ever present malice. "what i'm gonna do after you come all over yourself? first, i'm gonna scoop up your cum with my fingers, then i'm gonna shove it in your pretty little mouth, make sure you suck it all up while you're wetting my fingers nice and good. then, i'm gonna make you bend over that chair, ass up so i can finger you—"

at this point steve's now trembling with pure want, face flushed a violent red, the same shade as his cock already dripping with precum.

"then i'm gonna make you beg for it, make you cry for my dick in you, and then, when i finally fuck you," billy steps closer, practically leering at the sight of steve, debauched without even being touched. "i'm gonna go so deep you'd *taste* my dick in your mouth—"

steve lets out an aborted moan, one that breaks off into a choke when he starts coming all over himself, some of the stuff even hitting his chin.

billy watches, his tongue pressing into the roof of his mouth as he laughs, drinking in the sight of steve utterly spent and covered in cum. "you're too easy, harrington." he gloats, reaching out to swipe some of steve's cum off his chest, while his other hand grabs steve by the chin, saying, "now say *aaaah*, pretty boy."

4. nightmares

Notes for the Chapter:

based on hedasarmyx's ask from tumblr: "Steve having a nightmare and billy calming him down then hugging him"

steve jolts with a start, a scream already halfway up his throat as he flails around, limbs flying and hands closing around the phantom feel of his trusty nailed bat.

"whoa there, amigo," a voice cuts through the panicked fog in steve's mind, frantic breathing slowing into uneven gasps as he takes in his surroundings; cramped car interior, the sharp smell of cigarette smoke and something— someone else—

"...billy?"

he cranes his neck towards the driver's seat of the camaro, and sure enough, billy's there, his mouth set in a grim line as he takes in the sight of steve, shaky and sweaty and pale. so, so pale.

steve turns away from billy's scrutinizing gaze, fingers closing on the car's door handle, trying and failing to swing it open given how bad he's trembling. it's only on the fourth try (and around the time billy's so close to just pushing the damn thing open) does steve manage to climb out, legs faltering and causing him to lean heavily against the camaro instead.

steve lets out an exhausted sigh, running a hand through his already unkempt hair. he stares off into a concentrated point in space, trying not to fall apart right there beside billy's car. it's not long before the driver's side swings open, billy's boots scuffling against the dirt until steve feels billy's warmth grazing his side.

"dreamt of that dog again?" billy murmurs around the cigarette tucked between his lips. steve doesn't look at him for a long, long time, choosing to gaze at the view overlooking the quarry. it's only when billy exhales a plume of smoke does steve visibly stiffen,

reminded of what it felt like to be in... *there*, in the upside down, fighting off literal monsters from hell with a fucking bat, *jesus christ-*

steve swallows hard, wrapping his arms around himself. “yeah. s-same damn dog.”

billy doesn’t say anything after that, just places his arm on the roof of his car, sliding it behind steve until his fingers are brushing against the material of his jacket. a little more and he’d have his arm wrapped around steve like some cliché couple on a movie date.

billy taps his fingers once, twice, thrice, the beat grating steve’s ears, setting him on edge until he’s hunching in on himself, face crumpling in pure agony.

the tears come not long after, completely unbidden, but so, so quietly, almost like a petal fluttering onto a lake’s clear surface.

billy’s arm is now slung around steve’s shoulder, the other pressing into steve’s chest to meet in a perfect circle of an otherwise imperfect hug. steve basks in the contact, head bowed, hidden away from the world.

“it’s not just some dog, huh.” it isn’t a question, so steve doesn’t answer. someday, maybe he will. but right now, he stands on the edge of this town (it’s so, so dark tonight, they might even be on the edge of the world), and lets billy hargrove hold him.

5. pretty boy

Notes for the Chapter:

.....because we need more insecure steve fic

steve's confidence plummets to an all-time low after his break up with nancy, the dejection seeping so deep into his bones he lies awake at night thinking why why *why?* he goes through the motions of each day, merely existing, that sizzle in his veins now a dull spark.

ultimately, it's billy hargrove who unravels him, a well-timed whisper of *pretty boy* one afternoon in the shower room enough to make steve fall apart. one minute he's scrubbing shampoo off his scalp, then the next he's letting billy push him up against the tiled wall, billy's hot, wet mouth barely tracing the line of his jaw.

"pretty," billy's voice echoes around them as he jerks steve off, eyes never leaving steve's face as if he's committing each line, each shadow to memory. there's a hint of desperation in his words, making steve's knees buckle with how wanted he feels. "so pretty... so fucking *pretty*—"

steve clutches onto billy like a lifeline, lets the words sink into his skin until the bone-deep ache melts away. until he's tilting his head to align his mouth with billy's so that each exhale becomes the other's inhale.

until steve's coming into billy's hand, teeth clenched with the intensity of his orgasm, consuming billy's desire just as much as it's already consumed him.

6. right here

Notes for the Chapter:

i originally wanted to write billy fucking up demodogs but my trash ass made it emo instead

“i can’t fucking believe you!” steve’s voice is harsh in the terse silence of the isolated junkyard, his breath coming out in thick puffs as he glares at billy.

billy returns his gaze but with less heat, something like resignation evident in his demeanor as he takes another drag from his cigarette. it’s quite a sight, especially when his face is streaked with blood and sweat, remnants from the gore of facing off demodogs earlier.

“you have a death wish? is that what this is?” the shadows play across steve’s face as he strides towards billy, making him look haggard and almost... almost like he actually *cares*. like he’s stricken at the realization that billy really *was* ready to sacrifice his own sorry ass that night, bodily tackling steve to the ground mere seconds before a demodog came lunging from behind him. “goddamit, billy, *answer me!*”

the use of his name has billy’s jaw tensing, and he looks away for a moment before flicking his cigarette to the ground, crushing it with his boot. a pause follows, then, “what’s it to you if i did?”

this turns out to be the entirely wrong thing to say, because the next second steve’s face crumples, almost like billy’s words had burnt him. he closes the distance between them then, and in this proximity billy can see the unmistakable shine in steve’s eyes.

“you don’t get to do that,” steve jabs a finger against his chest, but despite the anger coming off of him in waves, he’s shaking. he’s shaking, falling apart right before billy’s eyes. “you don’t get to be some, some self-sacrificing moron– you could’ve fucked up the kids big time, you fucking asshole! *jesus christ*, billy, you don’t get to leave me like this–”

it takes a few seconds for steve's brain to catch up with his mouth, his first reflex being to snap his jaw shut, the color draining from his face. billy finds himself mirroring the expression, eyes wide like steve had just knocked the wind out of him.

the silence is eventually broken by an awkward but deliberate cough, and steve almost jumps out of his skin then, whirling around to spot max a few feet behind them.

"uh, shouldn't we be going now?" she says, eyebrows raised as she looks from steve to billy, then back at steve. behind her, the boys are peering at them with a similar expression- wary, and a little spooked. (which is kind of funny, considering they were literally fighting off creatures from hell earlier.)

steve runs a hand over his face, as if smoothing away any evidence of what billy hargrove does to him. "yeah," he mumbles, scratching the back of his neck sheepishly now. "you're right. go on to the car, i'll be right behind you."

max chews on her bottom lip, a frown settling in her features, but she nods her head and turns away, the other kids following her lead. steve's shoulders slacken, watching them for a moment before he bends over to pick up his nailed bat.

"that means you too, asshole." he murmurs, back still facing billy. he can't trust himself to look billy in the eye, not after his dumb, emotional outburst.

billy doesn't reply right away, instead taking a step closer to lean into steve's space before whispering, "yeah. i'm right here." then he presses his forehead against the back of steve's head, the act innocent yet so intimate at the same time. "i'll be right here."

steve swallows thickly and thinks he can believe billy this time.

7. salt

Notes for the Chapter:

steve crying during sex? sign me the fuck up

based on holyhellhappily's ask from tumblr: "HC: Steve is pretty embarrassed about how crying and being loud the first time he has sex with Billy (He's just never felt that way before), he thinks Billy thinks he's some sort of bitch, and when Billy finds out he's just like "nah Baby, I just love making you feel good" and proceeds to wreck Steve and tell him how he loves all the sounds he makes and how pretty he looks teary eyed and desperate. Steve might still be embarrassed, but never again embarrassed to let go because of Billy."

ever since billy started fucking steve it's all sharp, quick thrusts straight to his prostate, like he wants to make up for all the lost time no one's been abusing that spot inside of steve.

but then one time billy pushes in gently, almost like he's relishing the drag of steve's tight, tight heat around his cock, like he's finally taking just as much as he's been giving, and he does it so self-indulgently. billy trades the brutal pace for a slow grind, hips pressing against the back of steve's thighs as he ruts into him, like he wants to cram all of his dick in and never, ever leave.

"billy," steve groans, twisting the bed sheets in his hands. "fuck, mmh! i– i'm gonna come–"

billy urges him on with a roll of his hips, dick pressing in so insistently that steve has no choice but to come, spurt after thick spurt. he rides out his orgasm with a full bodied shudder, teeth gritting as the pleasure finally peaks and he gasps, jerking once in billy's arms before going completely slack.

a full minute hasn't even passed before billy's moving again, his still-hard dick slowly pulling out of steve, but just when his cockhead's

barely breaching steve's rim, billy pushes back in, *hard*.

"*fuck!*" steve screams, still too out of it to care if the neighbors heard him. billy laughs breathily, hips now working their usual magic as he fucks steve into the mattress. "s-shit, shit, *ngh*, billy— too much, it's too much—"

"you can take it, baby, i know you can," billy hovers over him, the words accentuated with hard, measured thrusts. he drinks in the sight of steve's flushed face, tears gathering at the corners of his eyes before rolling down the slope of his cheeks.

it's too much and it's too good, billy deadset on hitting that same spot over and over until steve's breath hitches, and he's coming again, one, two, three spurts and a bubbling glob out his slit; the pathetic result of a too-soon, too-fast second orgasm.

steve doesn't have it in him to be embarrassed though, not when he's practically folded himself into billy, shaking and crying and twitching because *fuck* if that wasn't the most intense sex he's ever had.

billy holds him through it, running his fingers through steve's damp hair until the trembling subsides and steve's practically putty in his arms. billy moves to roll to his side, his cock slipping out, bobbing thick and hard. with one hand still tangled in steve's hair, billy jerks himself off, laps up the sight of steve utterly debauched, face still flushed due to tears and pleasure.

billy comes quietly after a few rough strokes, sex-fevered eyes watching as some of his cum lands on the expanse of steve's tummy.

"*perv*," steve murmurs softly, a smile hidden behind the jab. billy tilts his head to look up at steve, eyes crinkling.

"yeah, a *perv* who made you come 2 times in 30 minutes." then billy's eyes darken, the hand tangled in steve's hair now tugging sharply. "and i bet i can make you come *again*. third time's the charm and all that, right, pretty boy?"

and steve, in all his tear-streaked, fucked out glory, actually *grins*. "yeah? let's see you try, hargrove."

god help him, does billy love this boy.

8. break

Notes for the Chapter:

billy leaves. steve regrets. also, they break a bed.

based on honeyxpeaches' ask from tumblr: "Okay, but take a moment to imagine Billy and Steve having the roughest sex and Billy's just pounding into Steve and suddenly the bed breaks. Neither notices due to both being really horny and/or desperate for each other also due to not seeing each other for a while."

billy and steve become a thing during their last few months in high school. it started with quick, rough handjobs that eventually progressed to billy sneaking out of the house at 1am to drive all the way to steve's for a good fuck. eventually this progresses into feelings (which are in fact mutual, much to their relief), and everything's fine and dandy until it's a week after graduation and billy hargrove's kissing hawkins goodbye, with or without steve. (but he tried, god, he tried so hard to bring steve with him- billy didn't take no for an answer the first time, but when steve said no for the second, third, all the way to the sixth time, well. billy can only take so much heartbreak from the same person.)

so billy tears his way out of hawkins, tires screeching as he goes way past the speed limit. he doesn't promise to call or write, and steve doesn't expect him to.

(the thing with regret, though, is that it seeps through the cracks of your heart in stages- first it's missing the drag of rough hands against your skin, then aching for the phantom feeling of being filled so completely, so intimately. next thing you know, you're laying awake in bed, trying hard not to forget those blue, blue eyes.)

it's four months later when steve hears about billy again, and he finds himself guilt tripping max into giving him his address since he heard from a little birdy (lucas) that she's been writing letters to billy (phone calls are out of the question, considering neil has banned even the mention of his fuck up son's name).

"i'm warning you, though." max says icily as she hands him the piece of paper where she'd jotted down the address. "if you break his heart again, i'll have you kicked out of the party. and *i'll* kick your face in." steve accepts this with a wary smile and a scout's honor salute.

steve finds billy staying in some shady apartment complex a couple of miles from the outskirts of hawkins, chewing on his bottom lip anxiously as he knocks and knocks. it feels like an eternity has passed until the door swings open, and steve hadn't even thought about making it this far, actually face to face with billy until he is.

words suddenly leave him then, and instead he's fighting not to burst into tears, because billy looks so- so haunted. so broken. he's thinner too, and looks like he hasn't had a decent sleep in weeks. steve hates to think that he's part of the reason (or everything to do with it).

he expects billy to slam the door in his face, maybe get even and break his heart six times just like he'd done- god, he's so fucking stupid- but then billy wraps a hand around his wrist, and steve is just now realizing that billy's looking at him like a man who's found a fresh spring in the desert.

words aren't important- maybe later, when billy's not dragging him to the cramped space of his apartment, pushing him into a tiny bed, the mattress sighing under their weight as billy goes on top of him. steve's shaking at this point, aching so much that he feels like he's going to combust from the inside.

then billy's kissing him, softly at first, tenderly, like he's having his first good meal after living off scraps. but billy wouldn't be billy if he didn't get greedy for steve after getting just a taste, and soon he has both of them naked, steve writhing and panting and shaking underneath him.

billy fucks steve hard, the entire bed moving and creaking as he drives his cock in in *in*, desperation clear in the way he digs his fingers into steve's hips. he holds in him place and takes all of it, takes all of steve with his heat and his moans and his tears. and steve gives it to him, bucking his hips helplessly so billy can feel just how much he wants it too, and how much he regrets ever letting billy walk away from him, slipping through his fingers like sand.

it's steve who comes first, teeth clenched and the veins in his neck prominent as his cum spurts hard onto his belly and chest. billy gets even rougher as he chases his own orgasm, and it's right when he's stilled inside of steve, face breaking into a picture of pure pleasure does the bed suddenly give out.

steve gasps, both out of the sudden imbalance and billy's cum filling him hot to the brim. and despite the precarious way the bed's now standing due to one of its legs breaking, billy still manages to get a few more thrusts in before he's pulling out, practically hauling steve off so they don't break the bed further.

(later, when they're lounging in billy's worn-out couch, still naked and sweaty and glowing from their orgasms, steve reaches out to touch billy's hand. he's hesitant and scared, so scared, but when billy's hand doesn't do so much as twitch, he slowly laces their fingers together.

"is this... okay?" steve's voice is meek, casting a sidelong glance at billy. his heart is beating so loud he's sure the people in the next unit can hear him.

billy doesn't answer for a moment, instead stubbing his cigarette in an almost full ashtray. it's only when steve starts feeling his hand get clammy does billy turn to him.

"no, it's not," billy says as a matter-of-factly, and steve feels himself plummeting, dropping into the first unforgiving waves of panic, but then billy's cupping his cheek, the touch instantly anchoring steve. his hand is warm against steve's skin. "you owe me a new bed, harrington."

steve can't help the shaky, relieved laugh that escapes him, his cheeks flushed and his smile wobbly as he looks at billy. "you asshole." he says around the tears in his throat.

it may not be right now, or somewhere in the near future, but in that moment, steve thinks it'll be okay.

they will be okay.)

9. 006. billy hargrove

Notes for the Chapter:

in which steve and billy are fighting off demodogs, and eleven finds her brother.

i fully blame the recent spurt of "billy is a hawkins lab experiment" theories on tumblr for this

if someone went up to steve a few months ago and told him that he'd find himself back-to-back with billy hargrove, fending off demodogs from getting into chief hopper's cabin, he would've laughed right in their face. maybe even suggest to get themselves checked in the head.

but life has a funny way of fucking with him; steve's learned this from the moment he'd knocked on the byers' front door with all the intent of setting things right, only to get into bigger, hellish-like shit. so yeah, in retrospect, he really shouldn't have doubted this-- being in a life or death (well, more like death or death, but steve's trying to be optimistic, okay) situation with billy-- would happen sooner or later.

"hey! less sitting on your ass and more swinging, harrington!" billy's elbow connects painfully with his side, the quick pain a whiplash back to reality. steve grunts, hands tightening around his trusty nailed bat. behind him, billy does the same with a crowbar, already bent and bloody from use. "eyes on the prize, pretty boy-- here comes another wave."

"yeah, i can see that." steve grits out, eyes already on two demodogs jumping from the shadows.

"fuck," billy's shoulders tense up, and steve, as reckless as it is, cranes his neck to see what's got billy panicking more so than before and--shit. three demodogs are crawling towards billy, one of the damned things already unfurling its flower-like jaws.

steve tries his best to clear his mind from the raw fear that blooms in his core, and he's just about to tell billy to make a run for it when one of the demodogs from his side lunges at him.

"jesus-- *fuck!*" steve's vision tilts as he collides with the ground, the weight of the demodog heavy on his chest. somehow, the only thing coming between the beast and him is his bat, a push and pull as steve tries to fend its jaws away from his face. "shit, shit, *shit*--"

people say adrenaline makes you do reckless shit, gives you that surge of power to do just about anything to save your ass, but as steve watches billy repeatedly drive his crowbar into the demodog's head until it sinks into the flesh, steve thinks this is something beyond adrenaline. something beyond human.

"christ," steve exhales, every part of him shaking, but just as he's about to scramble back up to his feet, there's a guttural cry behind them, billy a second too late as another demodog slams him flat on his back.

"no! no, billy, *fuck*--" steve's seeing white, panic and fear and dread coursing thick in his veins as he hears more than sees the demodog dig its claws into the meat of billy's shoulders.

billy's scream is of pure pain and agony until it isn't. until suddenly it's a low, seething growl of anger, causing steve to freeze midway from tackling the demodog off of billy, his own safety be damned.

steve has long reconciled the fact that he and billy are actually fighting off demodogs together, but the sight of billy grabbing one by its neck to hold it in place as he drives his fist into its faceless head? it would've been enough to make steve laugh *and* personally drop off whoever person was crazy enough to suggest that in some loony bin.

the thing is, though, steve *is* seeing it happen right before his very eyes-- billy repeatedly punching the hellish creature into a pulp, ignoring its cries being dissolved into gurgles, its grip on billy's shoulders slackening until a solid crunch echoes around the forest, the demodog landing in a heap on billy.

the other demodogs seem to feel a prickle of fear then, judging by the way they're hesitating on jumping at steve, but just as one of them is about to move, it's lifted off the ground and thrown against a tree trunk. the two others hiss and growl but meet the same fate a second later, knocking into the last demodog against the side of hopper's

truck.

steve turns his head up to the sight of eleven, her jaw clenched as blood runs down her nose. she glances at steve, as if confirming he's okay, then she fixes her gaze at the demodog sprawled over billy. with a flick of her head, the creature is flung to the side.

billy's flat on his back, but the wheezing confirms that he's still alive, much to steve's relief. he sits up on shaky legs, about to crawl over to billy to inspect the damage when eleven beats him to it.

he watches as eleven sits by billy's side, gazing at his face streaked with blood and guts. then she slowly, carefully takes one of billy's hands, and steve is practically shocked to immobility when he sees billy's knuckles haven't sustained any damage despite the raw power of his punches earlier.

"hnn," billy blinks sluggishly at eleven, eyes focused on the blood running down her nose. eleven flicks her eyes up to his face, gaze also landing briefly on the blood running in rivulets down his chin, all the way from his left nostril.

then eleven's pushing the sleeve of billy's jacket up his forearm, turning it over in her lap. steve watches, not fully understanding why he's waiting in bated breath, but doing so just the same.

eleven brings billy's arm to her face, having turned it over so she can see the inside of his wrist. in the low light, steve can make out an ugly, marred patch of skin, as if it was burnt by a cigarette or something far more painful. something more permanent, wanting to conceal a secret forever.

eleven runs her thumb over the spot tenderly, swallowing as she looks up at billy once more. this time, her eyes are shining, and her voice is thick with emotion as she leans in, wiping away the lone tear that runs down the slope of billy's cheek.

"brother." she whispers in the space between them, and billy lets his eyes slip shut, that one word a soothing balm that lulls him into a blissful, dreamless sleep.

10. heartbreaker

Notes for the Chapter:

billy fucks up and steve threatens him with a bat.
they make it work, somehow.

based on an anon's ask from tumblr: "Some daily angst: Steve thinks Billy is his boyfriend but Billy is under the impression that they're just friends with benefits, so when Steve tries to be cuddly or romantic Billy is standoffish and cold and Steve wonders why. Then one day Steve calls Billy his boyfriend and Billy laughs like "you think I'm your WHAT Harrington?" And Steve is so embarrassed and heartbroken and stops talking to Billy and the absence makes Billy realise maybe his feelings weren't just sexual maybe he loves him"

it dawns on to billy during math class, when he's cackling at his teacher for trying (and failing) to inconspicuously nap during their pop quiz.

wait 'til harrington gets a load of this old geezer– billy thinks, then feels his insides run cold when another voice inside his head whispers scathingly, he doesn't want you anymore. you ruined everything, remember?

then he blinks, fingers tightening around his pen as he catches glimpses of steve in his mind's eye– steve with his head thrown back against the pillow, flushed from his ears down to his neck– steve gasping, coming, shaking and clinging to the sheets– steve smiling all sweet and soft, his face glowing as he tilts his head and says “billy” in that affectionate way of his–

“fuck,” billy can’t help but whisper, ignoring the looks from his classmates thrown his way. he’s too caught up with the truth that’s just now dawning onto him– that he may be a little bit (a lot) in love with steve harrington after all. “...fuck.”

(billy sneaks into the harringtons' that night, climbing up to steve's bedroom window, and he's more than a little surprised to find that the curtains are already drawn back by the time he grabs on to the frame.

he's got one leg swung over into steve's bedroom when a spiked bat swings dangerously close to his face.

“what the fuc—”

“what’re you doing here, jackass?” comes steve’s voice, lost in the pitch blackness of the room. billy squints and finds steve’s outline a few feet away, poised for another swing with that damned bat.

“christ, harrington, you could’ve bashed my head in—”

“that’s right,” steve sniffs indifferently, unmoving from his aggressive stance. “i could’ve.”

“jesus—” this is definitely *not* how billy predicted things would go for him. still, it’s been almost two weeks since steve had practically evaporated from his life, and if his last memory of steve would be of him swinging a fucking spiked bat in his face, then so be it. anything would be better than that painful, painful glimpse he’d gotten of steve’s face all those nights ago, crumpled in defeat when billy had pushed him away, saying, “we’re just fucking around, harrington.”

christ.

“i’m not gonna repeat myself again,” steve says coldly, dragging billy out of his thoughts. “what. are. you. doing. here.”

billy’s boot brushes against the floor. “hey, you could at least let me get in first—”

“your ass stays there, hargrove.” steve’s voice is particularly harsh on that last word. to billy, it feels like a physical blow.

“...fine. how ‘bout just flipping the light on, huh?” billy runs a hand through his hair, biting back the words, *so i can at least see your stupid pretty face.*

there's a pause, then slow, measured creaks as steve steps back until light floods the room. billy momentarily squints against the stark brightness until he finally focuses his eyes enough to drink in the sight of steve.

steve, with that angry little scowl creasing his brow, chin jutted out as he grips the bat tighter, both a threat and a challenge burning in those round, round eyes.

the image absolutely melts billy.

"well?" steve says, but somehow his voice sounds lighter. almost breathy. like the sight of billy, with one leg hooked over the ledge of his bedroom window, had knocked the wind right out of his lungs.

"well," billy repeats, bringing his hands up in a show of total surrender. "i was going to tell you how completely fucking nuts i am for you, but i'm having pretty bad flashbacks of that bat, so if you could just—"

"what did you say."

"i said, i'm having flashbacks of that bat—"

"no asshole, the other— the other thing."

billy gazes at steve then, stripping himself of any and all pretenses as he says, softly, like a secret meant only for them. for steve. "i'm fucking nuts for you. can't even take a goddamn quiz without thinking of your pretty face." billy's lips twists in a wry smile, actually feels heat creeping up his face as the words tumble out of his mouth, "hell, i think i might even love you, steve."

there's a loud thud, the bat falling from steve's grip right to the floor, nails catching against the wood. steve stares at him, a mixture of so many expressions billy would give anything to wipe away—

you fucked up, the voice inside billy's head seethes, you really fucked this all up, hargrove—

"asshole," steve says, then steps forward. "you're fucking unbelievable." another step. "i should push you right off that

window.” two more steps and he could do just that. “i can’t...” billy can see himself swimming in steve’s eyes now, his reflection watery, but clear.

billy closes the distance between them just as steve reaches out to him, always so brave even at the prospect of shattering into pieces at any moment.

steve’s hand is so warm, fingers caught perfectly between billy’s.

“don’t you fucking break my heart again.” the *please* is left unsaid, but billy understands. he can only break a person for so much, and for so long.

“i won’t.”

somehow, it’s the easiest promise billy’s ever made.)